

EMERGENCIES — which they
Quick Witted.

Some of the instances
Have to be Quick and

with this expedition, complying with all the requisite forms while dead is literally waiting at the door, is a task that requires a man of cool head and self-possession. Surrogates' courts bear testimony to the frequency with which the wishes of testators have failed to be carried out, because of the failure to comply with some of the trifling details. In one case the lawyer was so slow in making out the paper that the testator died before the requisite formalities were complied with. In another case a quick-witted lawyer, who saw that there was not time to complete a will in a case where the property consisted of money in bank, and the executor had no time to check for the heirs, which were duly slurred and acknowledged, and the heirs got their money the next day, without being obliged to

drawn in due form to elude the vigilance of the unfortunate creditors who get left. Bankruptcy is a very broad term, and it is a question of law, and there are some lawyers who have become very expert at it so that upon short notice and with brief time in which to work they can arrange the affairs of a bankrupt firm so as to dispose of the assets according to the claims of the creditors.

There is room and need for quick wit in the office of a lawyer who handles bankruptcies. To prepare a case with careful consideration of the facts and due application of the law to the facts is it true, but it is not the lawyer who is able to handle a case in open court under the pressure of the moment, and to make a strong oral or a strong case. In every large law firm the work is divided like that in a factory, and each man has his special department. The one who tries it must be a man of rapid judgment and resources. He must be able to see the case, to make a strong case, to divine hidden motives, to snare at the pretensions of the other side, to make the most of the advantages of the moment. There is no need of need for quick wit in questions of law, but in an extraordinary case, a case that is pending entirely upon identity, the defendant has been suddenly brought to court, and the prosecuting counsel only got his client to change his coat in court with another man of similar appearance, and the result was that the accused was led quickly to identify the wrong man.

one of the charge-writers, the Western Union man, gave a gratifying answer to the question of poisoning. It was proved that the man had been given a small quantity of strychnine, a portion of which was produced in court. When the counsel for the prisoner had laid out a speech in the case, he said:

"And these gentlemen of the jury, are some of the alleged poisoners, who are dead to you, and to me, and to all of us, that these are not poisoned cases. They are as harmless cases as the case of the man who ate a piece of meat from the jury, to show you that these cases are not poisoned, I will eat one of them right here in your case."

And he did eat one. He took good care, however, to leave the room after he had finished his meal, to make a new line for an adjoining room, where he had an omelet in readiness and a cup of coffee.

And he did eat one. He took good care, however, to leave the room at the earliest opportunity and to make a bee line for the adjacent room, where he had a smother in readiness and an antidote. But the jury never heard about the smother or the antidote until the lawyer's client had been acquitted.

On another occasion a witness had been detailing with great minuteness certain conversations which had occurred several years be-

"By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances, and hereditaments?"

"Why, of course I could not do that," replied the witness.

"You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago, and you cannot repeat what you read a moment ago."

The witness was nonplussed, and the jury were visibly amused at his discomfort.

A quick-witted lawyer thinks on full gallop. Many successful cross-examiners have been men who could keep up a running fire of jokes and comments and never lose sight of the main point, who could lead a witness along by suavity and politeness and acquiescence and apparent obsequious deference into pitfalls of contradiction. Such men will let a smart witness talk on until he drops. Some unfortunate expression that suits him best is then pounced upon and demolished as an admitted error.

A leading counsel for the defendant in an accident damage case, where the injury had been occasioned by a lot of steam sending the complainant to the work and back and forth past the defendant's place, argued to the jury that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence and should not recover. The defendant's counsel said: "Oh, no; if he had looked up, instead of sulking for damage to the back of his head, he should have had to charge you for the loss of both eyes."

In a trial for murder, where the killing was

made a good deal of fuss and a quantity of medical testimony to show that the wounded man had been unskillfully treated. At the close of a confusing cross-examination by defendant's counsel on the length of the probe used to find the ball, the direction of the wound, and the danger of probing, the District Attorney put the question very tersely by asking: "Doctor, was it the probing or the shooting that caused death?"

showed that he was a watch in the hall, when he heard some one fumbling with the lock of the door, and that he then swiftly turned the knob so that the burglar could not get out. The girl-conquered lawyer for the prisoner at once said: "Why, your Honor, this witness was the real burglar, for it was he and not my client who had been in the room." The result of this timely remark was that the prisoner got off with a light sentence for an attempt at burglary.

A good deal of useful work is often required of lawyers in the killing of liars on real estate

of other property, in cases where the obnoxious cases are usually made out of the first corner is the only one who gets served. A good deal of wit is often displayed in the method of making a levy. Benjamin F. Butler, when he was in the office of the sheriff, was noted for sagacity by attaching the water wheel of a mill in an action for debt. It used to be a common thing for lawyers of the elements against the city to get the pictures in the Governor's room of the City Hall. A good deal of quick wit was displayed by the late Samuel J. May, Jr., when he was in the office of the sheriff, in a case where he traced the frauds of William M. Tread and his

followers, so as to put the evidence in clear shape before a jury. Such work could hardly be done by a student at a common law school in the habit of grasping subjects comprehensively and of handling great interests involving large amounts of money and intricate details of business.

SHE SNUBBED THE CLERK.

A Young Thing, but Nie Wain't to be Told About Baby Carriages.

There was a little, young thing, with childlike eyes and a positively infantile smile buying a baby carriage. She might have been 16, but the smart and painfully blond clerk who was exhibiting the vehicles for her was sure that she was not yet out of boarding school. She was in search of a very particular sort of carriage—one that had a large canopy that worked up and down like the top of a buggy. The clerk assured her that such baby car-

riages were not only never made, but that they would be undesirable. The young fellow flushed at this, and informed the clerk that she had seen just such carriages and that she considered them superior to any other kind. He would please allow her to permit her to show him her profile in the matter of the dress. The fully blond clerk, somewhat nettled that one so young should presume to oppose his experienced and tasteful advice, proceeded to argue the point still further, and after insinuating that he had been in the business long enough

"My mother," exclaimed the girl; "what do you mean? What has my mother got to do with this?"

"Why," said the clerk, "the carriage is for your mother's baby, isn't it?"

No," responded the girl, "the clerk, tossing her head as she spoke, "is for my own baby. The blond clerk blushed violently for several seconds, and then said in a mild voice that he could have no carriage as the young lady could never be proper."